was conceived in sorrow and born in sunshine."

t Thirty-fourth street. It was er gray day in early December. my mother, who was suffering ong illness, lay in the bedroom, d I imagine she was suffering. m lack of proper food. was sitting at the plane in the om, his head buried in his arms, he had remained in this attitude ig time, he got up and went into om, where he looked down at er until the tears came into his d stood staring out of the winstreets, all white with a he turned back toward the

oped his cold hands together them several times, and then on the chair lefore the plane n to run his fingers slowly over d keys. His lips were drawn aph of my mother which stood

clp of a piece of lined paper and ght in the great outside world.

in the afternoon of the same da. wrapping paper, I was carried by ma on West Twenty-ninth street, and here as to my usefulness. A sallow looking young man, with an alpaca coat and o playing the plano at the time for a beautiful young lady, with a great deal ed from her neck to her fect.

hout a word of apology the manager of the shop, Mr. Van Isenberg, a hard featured man who was in his shirt ves and had a cigar stump locked his teeth, brushed the blond lady to side, knocked the piece of music h the young man had been playing the rack and stood me up in its Without more ado the young at the piano began to play me over and over again, and always with more and more spirit. At last with a fearfu up on the keys he stopped his play and swung around

so that he faced Mr. Van Isenberg Fine!" said the young man. "That's right—a little bit of all right, sure. VII to the orchids," said the beauti young lady, although no one had her opinion. "I'm for ad I was much pleased at the crit-

which was evidently meant to be orable. I was glad, too, to see the on my father's face, because and his poor wan features had een strangers. But Mr. Van Isen only chewed at his cigar and glowat me and then at my father, and particularly at the beautiful lady and the young man at the piano in to-morrow at 4," he gran

THE SONG AND THE SAVAGE-By Charles Belmont Davis

Isenberg talked and jabbered away and courteous welcome.

father spoke in his usual mild manner, grow misty, and several times I saw inbut Mr. Al Meyer smiled at the both of them, and although he seemed to fancy me greatly I heard him say that I was

I heard afterward that she was a not worth shedding blood over.

After an hour of this talking and wrangling, in which I was glad to see that father retained a dignified calm. but a true regard for his rights, Mr. Van Isenberg produced ink and pens and several long legal looking papers, which they then seemed to change to suit the long talk that had gone before. At last, when it was getting quite late, Mr. Van Isenberg read one of the papers aloud, and I was pleased to hear that father had been "a sport" and had refused the "lump sum" for me, and had decided to take "royalties" instead. And father must have been "a sport," for I could see the tiny waves breaking on a ing funny stories.

the jolly Mr. Al Meyer), Mr. Van Isen- first day she began to sing words as berg gave father "a little something on she played, account," and away we went with it to At the en buy some wonderful fruit in boxes and scribbled off three verses, which, it some big bottles of deep colored wine, seems, told all about me, and she placed labelled port and sherry and burgundy. my story next to me on the plano rack. top of the plane. It was one It was a great supper we had at the Father came out the next morning, and taken at the time of her mar. flat that night, with little mother sitting the lady played me over to him, singing sever I years before, when her as round and soil as a peach her feet and pillows under her and at she told him that that was just what I then there was always a smile on about and pouring out the wine into her delighted, and thanked the lady again

erhung the city throughout the atter morning and filled the sky always telling mother not to thank him, are streets and the little room with but to thank me, and then he would took me back to town in the next train. erful golden haze. At the same jump over to the plane and play me two the slight bowed figure of my or three times and hum my tune, for I what is called a midwinter production, grew taut, the stray chords and had no words then which he could sing, but which was also to be known as the had been playing took concrete has hard set features broke into ant smile and the now warm that at last one of the smaller strings few unhappy days of my life. It was a rly glowed with the new found in the piano could stand it no longer, and with a fearful squeak of pain quietly on the piano rack at father's is how I came into the world. snapped right in two, and that was the home or down at the little cottage at

began to smile at my very first notes, funny old fashioned house right on the and he continued to smile to the very end.

The gentlemen and ladies who sat the songs and marches and laughed at about and sang there were a funny lot. The fairly young—all dressed in black and They never seemed to care about any-middle of the second act it came my and then, without another word or

young man at the plane with the dead azza overlooking the water while father from lunch, and while one of them would ging on playing me over and over again, and the lady talked, and then we went into the sitting room, and father played and dance about the stage as if they Al Meyer would turn about and me over several times on a grand piano, really enjoyed it. nod and smile at the young man and which seemed to me altogether too then back to Mr. Van Isenberg and grand for the simple dittle room. It father, and talk about "lyrics" and "per-centages" and "a lump sum" and "roy- I seemed to affect the lady. She did not they called The Savage, although she or understand anyhow. Mr. Van Isen- blue water, and before father had played look at me, but out of the window at the berg fairly shouted his arguments, while me over twice I noticed at her eyes

I heard afterward that she was a young woman who had had a great deal of trouble of one sort or another, and that she was very emotional and could that she was very emotional and could cry on the slightest provocation. I also sweet, and she could dance almost as heard that this "temperament," as they called it, was probably what gave her such fine thoughts and the power to put them into such simple words.

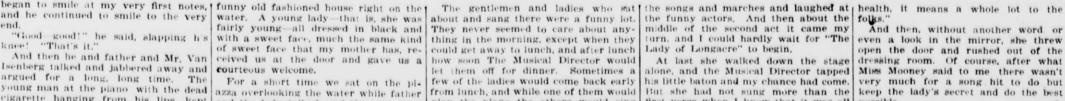
lady for two days, and I must say I brella because he tried to be polite to enjoyed the outing very much. During one of the "Shrimp Ballet" ladies. But my whole vist I stood on the piano rack, the best thing about Miss Mooney was where I got the full benefit of the cool, the way she went leaping about the fresh air, and through the windows I place all the time and laughing and tellwhere I got the full benefit of the cool, knew how much he needed the "lump long line of gray rocks at the foot of her quiet, not even Mr. Al Meyer himthe lawn. The lady, who continued to self. He often pretended to be very But, as a matter of fact (I think that cry a good deal, played me over and it must have been at the suggestion of over again, and by the evening of the was quite rude to her.

father had sat thus for some glass, and going on his knees as if she when quite suddenly the sun through the gray clouds which the fruit.

glass, and going on his knees as if she and again and told her how really grateful he was, for although he could express his thoughts in music, he could And the best of it all was that he was never find the right words. Then he

ther rushed to his desk, and with end of me for that evening.

Os Cob and being knocked about the Early the next morning I was done up cold, bare stage of a Broadway theatre. hurriedly gave me the perma- in the brown paper again, and father They put me away in a large book



There were two sisters named Gabrielle who danced together most beautifully; but of all the ladies of the comthey called The Savage, although she was Alleen Mooney, and for the other lady who had called her The Savage not to forget it, either. She was a large lady, with lots of wayy bronze red hair and the most wonderful big eyes and a rather biggish mouth, but beautiful teeth, and a skin that always looked as

well as the Gabrielle Sisters. I don't know why they called her The Savage, unless it was that late one evening, at the stage door, she hit a young Father left me with the sad young gentleman over the head with her umangry with her, and I thought once he

The Savage was a poor lady-much poorer than the others-and her clothes At the end of the second day she had were not very good, and one day when

"She slammed and locked the

door right in the face of

Mr. Al Meyer."

she was dancing about the seam of her

green skirt, and she also told him that

first verse when I knew that it was all possible. over with me. The audience was very

open the door and rushed out of the At last she walked down the stage dressing room. Of course, after what alone, and the Musical Director tapped Miss Mooney said to me there wasn't his little baton and my chance had come. Very much for a song hit to do but But she had not sung more than the keep the lady's secret and do the best The Savage and I made good, all

quiet, but it was the quiet of civility, right, and I think if it hadn't been for



"All that summer they played me in front of the cafes of Paris."

not of the real love I wanted and ex- her voice getting choked up with tear

When the performance was all over men dragged out an upright plane on the deared stage and the Musical Director placed a fine new copy of me on the rack. It seems it was one of several opies which Mr. Van Isenberg had grought that afternoon from New York. with my name on the outside in big gold etters, and at the top there was a deture of jolly Mr. Al Meyer, and at he bottom another of father and one

While the Musical Director was look g at my cover father and Mr. Al Meyer came on the stage and leaned their elbows on the top of the piano.

he was to have some lines and one she comes now. ivage came running back to the other very proud in her long fur coat and her famous, which I hope she did. Another avage came running back to the other very proud in her back to the hat she was to have a part and was a walk across the stage, but Mr. Al Meyer see our play to be there by 9 o'clock, to leave it, for I hear that it is rather a Then she went dancing over to the plane,

Then she went dancing over to the plant.

"That song's no good," she said, Isenberg had a big sign painted that called me "The Song Hit of the Century," does not he sitate to turn to a new face and forget the old one that but yester-called me "The Song Hit of the Century," day it took to its heart. Of course I him to send away her red taxicab and were thinking about. "They don't want

et a green one, because she had on a that kind of ballad any more." "Not when you sing it," says Mr. Al when the brokers called with orchids, Meyer, and I liked him for that. to be sure to tell them that she was got another little song for you that you rehearsing her new part and to send can understand and sing better, I guess. It c

est, and if it had not been for her I do

alce white paper, and then carried me the brick walls of the stage we heard a coat, with the gold trimmings) always back to the theatre again, and I was put girl's deep voice, and Alleen Mooney played me-oh, so badly! They didn't in a big trunk marked "The Lady of slammed her dressing room door with a known what I meant at all. Here I lay for hang and came swinging along the Alcen Mooney and I stayed at the whole carload of other trunks and scenery to a town called New Haven, as if she had been the one real success mer came, and The Savage and all the ladies of the company insisted on going sun, so that no mere discomfort of the

ad written for me.

Two or three times she did this, while class modded at the Musical Director and smiled, and I heard afterward that might and lay me on her dressing table merry go rounds, on the porches of the heavily patterned veil. Then turning he others sat about and listened, and that was a great compliment for me. and for me to stay there while she and Saratoga hotels, at beer gardens in Ger- her back in a trice she cut her way

herself, and the opera was all singing the words, as she should have her.

singing the words, as she should have done. It annoyed father and Mr. All The Savage came in and carefully shut the door. I noticed that she wasn't sing electric brougham to her apartment. Meyer spoke very sharply to "The Lady ing as usual, and even through her which was just off the park. It was a of Longacre," but she at once became rouge and powder I could see how pale

She looked at her pretty face in the and had pretty pictures painted on it, "The Lady of Longacre" was wrong, and lying there in my new green cover, and the room was always filled with the it was not "all right on the night."

With one long white finger she began With one long white finger she began

pected and knew in my heart that I or excitement or something, we could should have. Once they called her back have taken a dozen or so more encores. should have. Once they called her back and once she repeated the last verse, and that was all. A few minutes later as she possibly could she ran off the as she possibly could she ran off the critics would go to see it, and they don't plauding what I thought was a very crowd of girls standing in the wings, alsilly song, and I had been forgotten and though they tried their best to stop her and to wring her hands and pat her on the back. When she had staggered over When the performance was an over the back. When she jerked it and the lights to her dressing room she jerked it because it was written from the heart. right in the face of Mr. Al Meyer, who, I think, would have hugged her if he had caught her.

Here were The Savage and I alone again, and without a word she threw herself into the chair before the mirror and then flung her arms on the dressing table and, burying her head in them, sobbed out loud, just as if she father got my first royalties from Mr. the finale, and when the act was over together in the sitting room. Father and the curtain had gone down it was read the letter and then smiled over at wonderful what a fuss they made over mother.

They both certainly looked very glum, and I was perfectly sure that it was all about me, for I had heard every one say that the performance was, on the say that t Father was there and the lady from to Berlin for the winter." whole, quite successful.

For some time they stood glaring out at the empty theatre, while the Musical Director played chords and little snatches from the opera very softly.

Longacre" was mad, and went about telling every one that she could have got those encores, too, if anybody had told her what the old thing (meaning the chair and put her cheek me) was about. The Musical Director. snatches from the opera very softly.

The trouble with that woman is," said Mr. Al Meyer. "that she den't know what the song is about the seam of her and the lining came out. The dependence of the simple story of a woman is, and the lining came out. The song is the simple story of a woman is, and the lining came out. The song is the simple story of a woman is, and the lining came out. The song is the simple story of a woman is, and the song is the simple sto

> called to her and she came over to the because that was when The Savage and called to her and she came over to the because that was when The Savage and cruel, fickle sort of a place, and that it I did our turn. That day Mr. Van does not hesitate to turn to a new face and had it put on the top of a high night I think they must have played me in every cafe and restaurant in New

the bouquets to the nearest hospital. It's called 'The High Signs on Broadof all the ladies in the company, I way.' I'll send it around to-morrow seated at the tables with the red lamp shades on them nudge each other when the ladies and gay gentlemen song that has taken my place, and the burdy-gurdies play it on the street and hurdy-gurdies play it on the street shades on them nudge each other when "The Lady from Longacre" never said the band started to play me, and hear not know how I should have stood those a word, but just sort of sniffed at father them say: "That's the hit from The four weeks of rehearsals." Two or three days to the stage door. If father had looked later they began sending me in little of the big book with the other music badly before, he was quite white now, pasteboard tubes all over the country, for "The Lady of Longacre," and a and he took off his hat and ran his and in almost no time I was whistled fingers through his thick hair.

"What are we to do now?" he said. and every little town from New York to the Pacific coast. The orchestra played anatomy into many different paris.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Al Meyer, with the whole had finished orchestrating me his brows contracted and looking out at the relative to the orchestra played to the work of the relative to the orchestra played to the work of the relative to the orchestra played to the work of the relative to the orchestra played to to the orchestra play he copied me, both entire and the many the rows of empty seats. And then (and every one of them who owned a separate parts, in a fine, clear hand, on from the little balcony that ran around plane had a copy of me, in my green

"I've got it," said Mr. Al Meyer, and to the seashore or the mountains, and flesh should interfere with the buoyancy

That same night there was a long re-two other girls made ready for the per-pearsal, which lasted nearly the whole formance. two other girls made ready for the per-ton the case in Paris, and they sang me with Neapolitan. The thoughtful air that thereupon



Father was sitting at the piano his head buried in his arms.

most was when the gentlemen in uniform used to play me on the decks of he great big white battleships of our navy. Never mind where they werewhether at anchor or steaming along over the Atlantic or the Pacific. or the Mediterranean or any of those far away seas-one of the officers would be sure to ask the bandmaster to play me because he said I was pretty; but I knew better than that—it was because it made him think of some one at home.

Of course I had a great many adventures, altogether too many to mention, but I shall always remember one experience that happened in a beer garden on West Seventeenth street. Father was sitting at a tin table with a friend, and the little orchestra, I suppose out of compliment to father, was playing me the very best it knew how. Two men stopped on their way out to listen, and it so happened that they stood quite near the table where father and his friend were drinking their beer. "Some of this cheap music is really

very pretty," one of the men said. But the other one, who looked very poor and shabby and had long hair, only smiled pitifully at his friend, and raking his arm led him through the door. I thought father would feel terribly

about it, but instead he only smiled and took another sip of beer, and then he told his friend all about the shabby man with the long hair.

'That's Ernest Hokelmann," he said. 'He studied twenty years in Leipsic and Berlin and Vienna, and then wrote a mine is certainly not a masterpiece, but it is probably being played to-night in nearly every town wherever they have music all over the world. And that is And then father went on to tell his friend how he happened to write me on that cold December morning. "And so you see," he said, "that song was conceived in sorrow and born in sun-

shine, and that is why it makes people sad and happy too wherever it is I shall always remember the evening were a little girl who had stubbed her Van Isenberg. It was in the early part But she was all right again before of September, and he and mother were

"It's all right," he said. "We can go

coat gave way and the lining came out.

Mr. Al Meyer, who was sitting in the who loved a man, but that was all that woman did love—the man was her god and she was too full of life and the primitive instincts were breaking out again, although any one could see it was only the lining. But I suppose, just to make the lining. But I suppose, just to make the lining are out.

Song is the sample suppose and three who woman did love—the man was her god and her devil and her deep blue sea.

Now this girl who tried to sing it to-night is a Broadway soubrette, who rected the songs for all the other ladies, and I didn't see them kiss him.

All the newspapers were fine to us the to play the part of "The Lady of Long-way of their automobiles." All the newspapers were fine to us the to play the part of "The Lady of Longthe comes now."

The Lady from Longacre," looking Mooney would wake up to find herself second act. second act.

day it took to its heart. Of course I building on Broadway, and that same and that I must spend my old days on the dusty shelves of Mr. Van Isenberg's store on Twenty-nin:h street. But even It certainly was funny to see all the knowing all that, I would not care to stay and hear the boys whistle the new the ladies and the gentlemen applaud it in the gay restaurants.

So, after all, it is much better that Alleen and I should go on our long journey, for, although we are famous everywhere and I have been played on every piano and by every band all over the country, the people will never know what father really meant until The Savage and I tell them. (Copyright by The North American

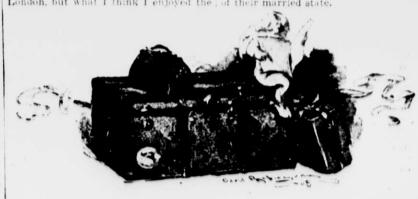
Company.)

Without Leave

I was one of the days of the late season when chill winds thinned the ranks of the frequenters of the of the spirit

Well toward the fore of this sun moved number was a young woman of looks and dash and verve, squired by a

photographer bearing a moving picture



"The audience was very quiet, but it was the quiet of civility." I don't know-we'll see totook me on my first really long journey, | marked "Music" on the outside, and I Meyer was a jolly young min and, as it afterward turned out, what was shut up with a lot of marches, much nicer than Mr. Van Isenberg, proved to be the most important trip of two steps and waltzes and several balas tall and thin and wore a pink my life. We went on a train to a little lets, but when the musical director and a fine suit of clothes and had town called Cos Cob, and from there we fully bright shifting eyes. He were driven in a rickety carriage to a ladies and the gentlemen to sing I must

JAPAN AFTER BIG BUSINESS I, for one, never found to fail. Japan's Continued from Sixth Page. chief cities specialize in statistics of the already referred to. Another case openest kind, but foreigners neglect

hat of the Shibakura Engineering them, relying often on the report of near Tokio, for supplying elec-ight and power, in which the can General Electric Company

fellow countrymen who are not looking for rivals in their own fields,
From all the foregoing I deduce this can half the capital with immense conclusion as very plain to me, that the totall. The Osaka Gas Works Japan offers a field to American capital wheel largely by American capital.
Fugi Company and others were pering best where American skill goe ned. The paper companies using pering best where American skill goes ened. The paper companies using with American money. Japan's confid greatly, the Ofi Paper Mill going recent to be entirely well founded; it yen 6,000,000 to yen 12,000,000 still needs some guidance, but it needs

Manchuria, Corea stood open promotion money still more. Japan desáres American friendship of oldation. Many attempts to do on a footing of mutual trust and supers in Japan had been failures, Mr. awa said, through foreigners tak-portant proposals to people of no anding in the Japanese business sire in this reaches the pathos of a pas-Disappointments often followed sion for recognition of her good faith in calling us her friend. She looks to a he Japanese men who were concould not in the expressive com-San Francisco fair next year is really language "swing" the proposia demonstration of this, but most she They were out the patience of the hopes for an influx of vistors to Japan by dilatory tactics while they with eyes open to opportunities and support in all quarters to carry seeking information at the fountain selr end of the bargain, finally

ng it on an excuse-not the head, The future of her export trade in - to the disgust of the wouldmanufactures lies largely in China, India, Corea, just as she hopes for larger Probably the foreigner ded cured of his desire to invest in dia, Corea, just as she hopes for larger when a call in the proper custom still for her staples in the custom still for her staples in the United States. As these wishes are gratmight have resulted far otherfied, her leading men aver, will the Buyel Nakano, president of the clear purpose of her own conception most wonderful scarlet flowers. But It was a splendid sight, that great to slowly trace out my name in the bit Buyel Nakano, president of the property of the mission remove the last vestige for some reason I was never happy at crowd in the front of the theatre, and gold letters, and as she did so she said or of Commerce of Tokio, who is of her mission remove the last vestige for some reason I was never happy at crowd in the front of the theatre, and gold letters, and as she did so she said the ladies and gentlemen of the company to me half aloud: "Honey, you're goof distrust of her in the land of the ch with all sound business in the Empire, is the sort of man to give common people -democratic America; really wasn't homey at all, and I was looked quite wonderful in their beautiful ing to break or you're going to make

say they sounded very dull and common. It was several days before the musical director noticed me at all, and

en one afternoon he picked me out of e book and put me on the rack of the The ladies and gentlemen were siting about the stage on long benches whole carload of other trunks and case that led to the stage, just as happy months and then the hot days of sum-

end camp stools and were talking in very high voices about the janitor and he cold stage and the brutality of man- public appearance. the cold stage and the brutality of managers in general and the jolly Mr. All Meyer in particular. But when the musical director began to play me softly must call the pounded his first into the open palm of his other hand. "I've got it—The same day we reached New Haven, I was taken out of the trunk, and while "The Lady of Longacre" opened in the book with the rest of the music and put in a trunk in the cellar of the music and put in a trunk in the cellar of the seasone or the mountains, and the pounded his first into the open palm of his other hand. "I've got it," said Mr. Al Meyer, and he pounded his first into the open palm of his other hand. "I've got it—The same day we reached New Haven, I was taken out of the trunk, and while "The Lady of Longacre" opened in on the plane it was v ry amusing to notice how quickly the chattering stopped, just as if Mr. Al Meyer himself had walked in. And then a tall, dark woman covered with beautiful never forget how I sounded when the only be "the" one great night for a song lights. furs rustled in at the stage door, and straight up to the plane and began to hum over the words the lady at Cos Cob when they had finished me the musthad written for me.

then she told the mucked director she

face, did what he called "orchestrating me," which was really dividing my "I thought it had a great chance." Longacre-Theatre."

furs rustled in at the stage door, and bushing her way through the crowd of bushing h the lady and gentlemen singers came different parts of my anatomy. I was me, she had always carried me about the time, and when I quit in New York the tension suddenly snapped.

wanted to take me h ms with her. I didn't want to go at all, because I hated the tall, dark lady the very first minute I saw her. It seems, as I learned afterward, that she was "The Lady of Long-ce" just hummed me instead of ward, that she was "The Lady of Long-ce" just hummed me instead of the ms with her. I hearsal, which lasted nearly the whole formance.

I had been "switched," as they called it, to the first act, but even then it was an and they sang me with Neapolitan words on the beautiful canals at Venice and in the hot. stuffy music halls in London, but what I think I enjoyed the of their married state. She carried me home in a very shiny Meyer a good deal, too, and Mr. Al ne place, I suppose—the furniture was peevish, muttered something about its white and gold and the curtains were all being "all right on the night," and went pink silk, and even the piano was white on with her part. But as it turned out, glass and then she glanced down at me,

t information on all such points. It business, and he carries into it a of courtesy and good nature that information on all such points. It business, and he carries into it a of courtesy and good nature that information on all such points. It for the Japanese, while imperial in government, are the most democratic of the theatre, income at an, and I was plooked quite wonderful in their beautiful sick and golden clothes. The performance went off, it seemed to me, with a great whirl, and the people application.